

Cosmic Castaway

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Category: Halo

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Arbiter, Master Chief/John-117

Pairings: Master Chief/John-117/Arbiter

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-07-04 00:06:06

Updated: 2013-07-04 00:06:06

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:21:19

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,468

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: During the Spartan and Arbiter's fight with The Prophet Of Truth, something . . . strange happens to Arbiter, something that John can't help but love. Can the Master Chief keep his new feelings a secret from Arbiter when he's with him practically 24/7.? And how will Arbiter handle his new body, along with the new sudden urges.? Contains Human!ArbiterXMaster Chief relationship, yaoi

Cosmic Castaway

****Hiya, guys.! This popped into my head a while ago, and just would
NOT leave me alone. I was playing Halo 3, and near the end when you fight the Prophet Of Truth and he (SPOILER) kills Sergeant Avery Johnson, I started wondering: "What if he cursed Arbiter instead.?" And since the two main characters are Arbiter and John, the Master Chief, I decided to write a story about them, so I hope you enjoy.! :D****

****Warnings: Human!Arbiter, Alive!Sergeant, Kind of AU, Yaoi/BoyXBoy, Sex, Cussing, Gore, Spoilers, Crude humor, and just straight up weird shit.****

****Disclaimer: I'm just a geeky dude who doesn't own Halo. ;-;****

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Arbiter grunted in pain as a foreign feeling blossomed in his chest, his eyes widening when a blinding white light filled his vision. He desperately glanced around for any sign of the dingily lit room he was in, but there was nothing. Only light and symbols.? It was hard to tell, but if the Elite squinted his eyes just so he could make out ancient symbols. But what did they mean.? He recognized a few, so it was something in Covenant, though he couldn't read all of it. Arbiter quickly tried to run forward, out of the strange light and symbols, but his attempts were thwarted (AN: Haha, I love that

word. xD) when his legs decided now would be a perfect time to give out.

Arbiter fell to the ground with a cry as the pain from his chest suddenly spread throughout the rest of his body, practically paralyzing him with pain. He could feel the burning spreading, as if it was in his very blood, seeping through his veins. A scream tore itself from his throat as his bones suddenly began breaking, filling his ears with sickening snapping sounds. Every time a bone would break, it shifted to another position, ripping through his muscles and skin with an audible tearing sound, some even stabbing through his organs. His pain filled screams came to an abrupt stop when the bones in his jaw began breaking. They were quick to rearrange themselves, his mouth mandibles tearing and sewing themselves back together, only to be torn again.

He desperately tried to crawl away, but when he put his weight onto his arms multiple 'SNAP's sounded throughout the light as he fell face-first onto the ground. He was trapped. If only the Master Chief could save him. Arbiter found it kind of strange how the first thing he thought of was the Spartan when he was in danger. He assumed it was just because John had become his ally in this war, and allies rely on each other for help, right.? That had to be it, he concluded.

"I," he was cut off as he coughed wetly, blood spraying on the ground in front of him. "I wonder if this is how I'll die.? Being tortured, and thinking of the Spartan," Arbiter chuckled wetly at the thought, blood spilling from his torn mouth onto the unseen floor beneath his broken body. "Spartan, if you can hear me . . . I'm sorry I couldn't have been of more assistance," he mumbled before that damned light finally faded, and he allowed the darkness to consume him.

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John, or more commonly known as Spartan-117: The Master Chief, gasped when he saw Truth whirl around in the Arbiter's grip. Before the Elite could even react, Truth had jabbed his hand into Arbiter's chest, quietly whispering words in Covenant before he rose in volume, to the point where he was practically screaming the words. John quickly ran forward, shooting at Truth the whole way. As soon as he reached the Prophet, he was quick to attack the Covenant with his sword, but Truth dodged to the side. John stepped forward to attack again, only to throw his metal clad arm over his eyes when a blindingly bright light filled the room. Squinting, he was able to trace the source of the light back to where Arbiter was standing. He felt his heart drop when he heard the Elite's pain filled screams, and the snapping of his bones.

"WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM.?! " The Spartan roared angrily. Truth looked a mix between scared and surprised, not expecting this reaction out of the armored man. Honestly, John was a bit surprised himself; he usually didn't let things get to him, especially in the middle of a battle. But for some reason when he heard Arbiter's pained screams, something snapped. He winced at the metaphor, trying desperately to block out the sound of the Elite's bones snapping and tearing through his skin and armor. As soon as the image popped into his head, he started growling at Truth, raising his Covenant sword higher with every step closer to the lying Prophet.

"Hmm . . . All I have done, Spartan, is placed a curse on that disgraceful piece of filth. If he truly wishes to betray his own kind and side with you filthy humans, then he may as well fit it. I just helped him to better understand your kind's views, by turning him into one of you disgusting creatures," Truth explained, a smirk spread on his ugly face the entire time he was speaking, only serving to further enrage John. The Spartan, now only a few steps from the Covenant Prophet, angrily charged forward with his sword raised, quickly bringing it down onto his shoulder. Truth let out a pained gasp as he quickly flew backwards in his flying chair. He glared at the Master Chief as he brought his spidery fingers to the wound to gently prod at it. Pulling away his hands, he was angered to see his blood staining his green fingers.

"How DARE you strike me, you beast.!" Truth hissed, flying towards the injured Commander Miranda Keyes, grabbing a hold of her hand and jerking her upwards, away from the bleeding Sergeant Avery Johnson, who was close to death from jumping in front of a blow directed towards the Commander.

"Commander.! Re-Ngh-lease her.!" The dark skinned man grunted out, raising himself on shaky arms in a desperate attempt to rescue Miranda.

"Ah.! Unhand me.!" The Commander shrieked, tugging her arm fruitlessly away from Truth's hold. "I said . . . LET GO.!" She hissed, lunging forward suddenly, catching The Prophet off guard, giving Miranda the opportunity to strike. She quickly flung her arm upwards, catching Truth in the jaw, flinging him backwards slightly, his steely grip on her arm finally relinquished. She glanced over her shoulder at The Sergeant and The Spartan, giving them a quick nod and lunging at Truth again.

The Master Chief quickly went from aiding the wounded Avery Johnson, to charging at the disoriented Prophet of Truth, raising his guns and taking aim at the dishonest Prophet. He quickly began letting loose shot after shot, relinquishing in the pained screams that escaped the Prophet's scaly lips. "Sergeant, it would be in your best interest not to move. You'll only further upset your wounds," John advised wisely while he leaped away from Truth for a chance to reload his weapons. Seeing that Avery was still trying to pick himself up in an effort to do something, John released a sigh. "Honestly, how stubborn. If you have to do something, then could you go check on Arbiter, Sir.?" He asked before re-entering the battle.

Sergeant Avery Johnson shakily nodded at The Master Chief's retreating back, though he knew he couldn't see it. He pushed himself up with all his might, his arms trembling with the exertion on his wounded body. With one final burst of strength, the dark skinned man was able to lift himself up onto his legs, though albeit shakily. Avery made quick work of limping over to the, still faintly glowing, spot where The Arbiter was cursed. As he drew closer to his destination, the light began to grow dimmer and dimmer, almost as if his very presence was vanquishing the curse . . . or as if the curse was growing closer to being completed. Avery gaped at the sight that lay before him: A young, pale skinned man with shaggy black hair, looking to be in his mid-to-late 20's, was lying on the ground, unconscious. Oh, yes, and he was completely naked.

" . . . WHAT THE FUCK.?! "

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**So, did ya'll like it so far.? :D I'll have the next chapter posted in a few months, hopefully. I know this was extremely short, but it's meant to be a prologue type thing. Anyway, please review and tell me what you thought, though I feel I already know the answer . . .
xD**

End
file.